



Mutant



24 0 2

Chapter 1 by Rebekah Evans

The sun sets as I look outside my window. My abnormal yellow eyes are reflecting in the glass. I hate my eyes they make me feel like a werewolf. People are afraid of me they think that I might hurt them that I wouldn't dream of it why would I? School children can be the worst stereotypes imaginable they taunt and tease you about whatever faults you may have. Unlike others, I don't belong on the planet if you could see me in the flesh and bones you would scream. I might be overexaggerating a bit but you can see my point. Slowly but surely the sun disappears and I am left in darkness. It takes a while for me to fall asleep but when I do I dream about a werewolf called Billie. My school is called Wentworth academy it looks like a prison I don't know why I agreed to go I think it was just to make my Mum happy and whats the problem with that?

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

receive feedback

Login

or

Create new account

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account